

The Evening World

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"VICE BUREAU."

Commissioner McAduo is drifting toward the European system of establishing a special department as a "vice bureau." Anything is better than the present system of regular round-ups of all women found alone on the streets at night and the resulting locking up over night in station-houses of many respectable women.

If, however, the vice bureau is to continue the present methods of the ward men there will be no improvement. The system of official bondsmen and of forcing the women of this class to pay for the privilege of patrolling the streets requires more radical treatment than a shifting of police details.

The bondsmen could not know in advance of the round-ups without inside police information. There would not be a uniform failing of memory against the women who employ the right bondsman without police collusion. It is hardly imaginable that all the toll collected by the bondsmen is permitted to stay with them, and that it is not shared with the police.

HICKEY'S EXPERIENCE.

Policeman Patrick Hickey, of Brooklyn, has been having an experience with his Equitable insurance policy which many other policy-holders duplicate. Three years ago Hickey took out a \$2,000 endowment policy, for which he paid a yearly premium of \$146. The cost of straight life insurance without the promise of a deferred dividend or endowment is one-third as much. If Hickey had died his heirs would have received as much from a straight-life policy as from the endowment policy.

Hickey paid \$100 a year additional because some agent in order to get a higher commission talked deferred dividends, surrender values and other insurance rignarole to Hickey and induced him to pay more. When Hickey went to the Equitable main office to surrender his policy he thought there was \$400 coming to him. The Equitable clerk explained that that was so, and if he would read the policy carefully and come back in twelve years, as it said, he would get it. In the mean time if he wanted cash he could take \$206.

This experience, which is not at all uncommon, enforces the necessity of every policy-holder carefully reading everything in his policy, especially the very small type. What he is to get is printed in big letters. How and when he is to get it is in such small type, hid away in many long-winded paragraphs, that it is no wonder the average policy-holder does not find it out until he comes to collect.

That is one of the evils of the life insurance system which should be abolished. Hickey paid \$438. He got back \$206. The rest is "surplus."

MILK.

To punish the second offense with imprisonment is an effective way to break up the sale of adulterated milk. The Judges of the Court of Special Sessions do well to make it known that the payment of repeated fines will not be the only penalty. President Darlington, of the Board of Health, is also doing well to insist on the proper icing of milk by the railroads over which it is carried from the farms to New York.

There is no excuse for a dealer selling adulterated milk through ignorance, as for a few dollars he can buy an accurate testing apparatus which will tell him the condition of the milk as he receives it. If every retailer would test the milk he receives and promptly prosecute the man from whom he receives it if it is adulterated there would be no occasion for the small retailers to be brought to court.

MR. MURPHY'S SUMMER.

Mr. Charles F. Murphy has gone to his country estate at Good Ground, L. I., for the summer. He took with him eleven servants, four horses, two automobiles, one naphtha launch and several carriages. With these and the other pleasures of a luxurious countryplace he expects to enjoy the summer until the municipal campaign recalls him to his work as superintendent of the local political department of Thomas F. Ryan's public utilities.

Mr. Murphy has not done any work outside of politics for some years. Since his days of honest toil as bartender on Second avenue he has avoided the kinds of labor by which the citizens who pay the taxes earn enough to support their families. The less he has worked the more apparent have been the visible signs of his financial prosperity.

Where does he get it? Is he on a secret pay-roll, like Mr. Depew's connection with the Equitable, or is it fortunate stock speculation, or the surplus left over from the campaign fund, or the profits of the Contracting and Trucking Company? Still, wherever it came from or however he got it, there is no doubt that he has it, millions of it.

Mr. Thomas W. Lawson promises to continue his disclosures for some time and not to suspend during the summer. If the recriminating Equitable officials had not been Ryanized they might have put Lawson out of business.

Seven hundred Chinese went on their annual Sunday-school excursion. The Chinese Empire Reform Association attended in full uniform.

A race should be arranged between the automobiles of Mr. Odell and Mr. Murphy.

Can it be that graft has infected a public school?

The People's Corner.
Letters from Evening World Readers

For Coney Rapid Transit.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Coney Island is a fine place to take the wife and kids for Sunday. Not all women and few children are as strong and as full of endurance as men. So it is a pitiful sight to note the fatigue and homeward ride of worn-out women and tired, fretful brats. While we are arranging rapid transit elsewhere, why not cut short the route to Coney and make it a half-hour trip each way? Surely this is worth while when we reflect how it will decrease the fatigue of the present long and dreary trip of nearly two hours from the upper part of Manhattan. It is the double journey that most wears out the women and children.

One Plan to Clear Subway Air.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
It appears to me that readers might give their opinion as to the best way to ventilate the Subway. My idea is: At

or between different stations erect towers higher than adjacent buildings. Draw or force down fresh air, which would drive out the impure air that is now being drawn in from the street surface and mixing with the bad atmosphere in the Subway.

West Side Troughs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
For about a month the people of West Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth streets, between Ninth and Tenth avenues, have been annoyed by troughs, whose headquarters seem to be about Fifty-eighth street and Tenth avenue. Persons have been injured and annoyed by them. The police hardly ever interfere. Can't something be done for this neighborhood?

M. J.—From six months to a year is the usual term of mourning for an aunt.

I. T.—Black is not a color. It is the absence of color.

A Woman Is Not Safe on the Streets.

By J. Campbell Cory.



The Scylla and Charybdis of the fair in this metrop
Are the scallawaggy masher and the noddle-headed cop.

Said I on the Side

OPENING of the vacation season makes pertinent the warning, Don't overdo it. Theory that after fifty weeks of easy-going self-indulgence the human system can suddenly endure the strain of mountain climbing or hard rowing or long hours in the surf without bad results is erroneous. Reports from the seashore of deaths from heart failure in the surf are numerous enough every summer to point this warning. Idea that the city man who neither

walks nor exercises in other ways in town can be transformed into an Ajax merely by change of scene is one he is lucky to have disproved without the cost of impaired health.

Said by a publisher that "nothing doin' is the password of the book trade at the present moment." Still considerable bookmaking at the race tracks.

The exploding boiler at One Hundred and Sixty-first street had been duly inspected. Merely another instance of an O. K. proving to be N. G.

Interesting feature of the new arrangements for the curb brokers is that they and not their customers are to be roped in.

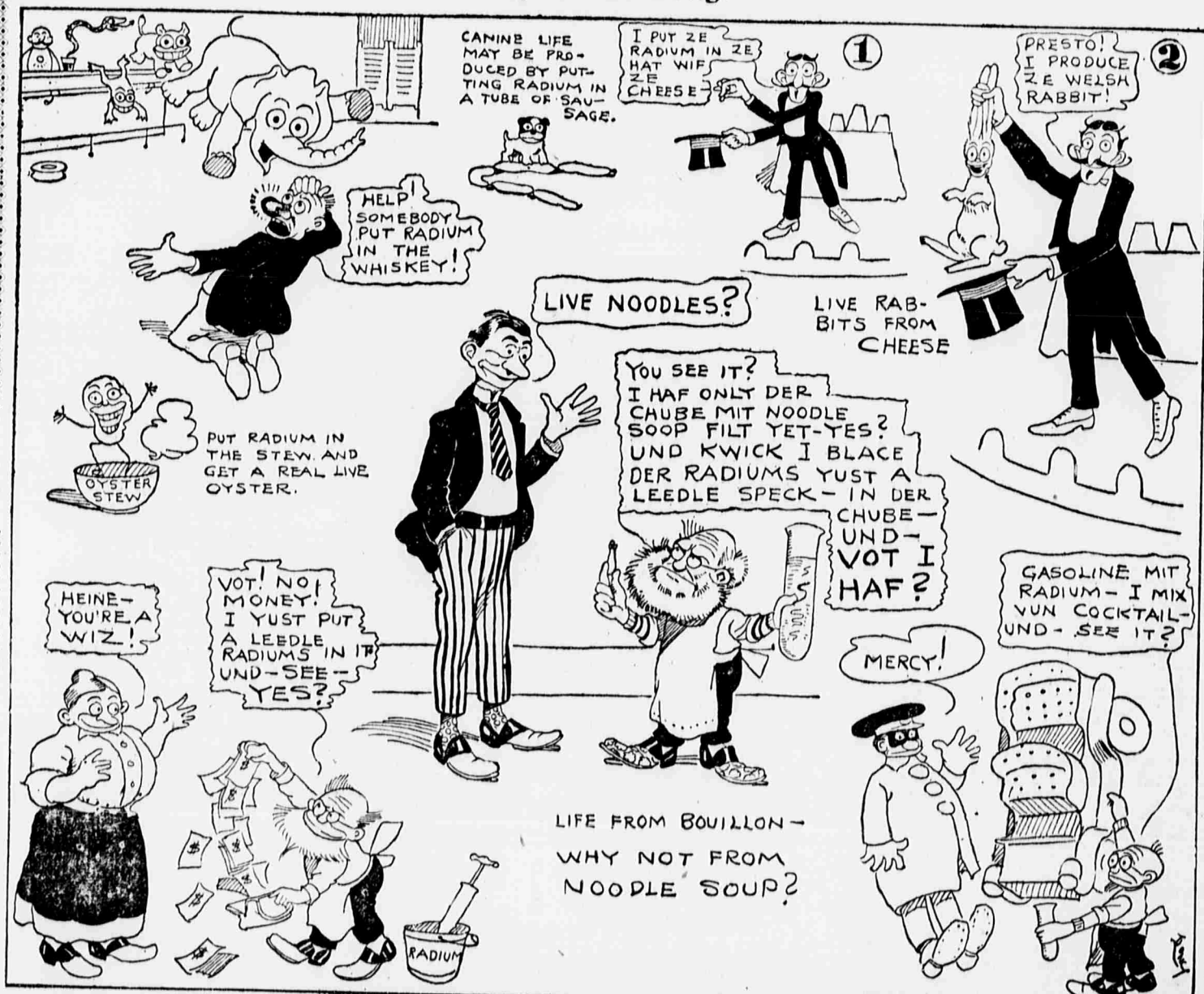
Said that seventy per cent. of holiday accidents occur from boating. Soundness of the advice to amateur oarsmen to "keep eyes in boat" is evident. Seems equally good for motormen who

turn to flirt with fair passengers on front seats.

Project for a fast freight subway under Manhattan. Understood that the most modern ventilating and refrigerating devices will be installed, as perishable freight lacks the endurance of human. Regarding the Subway, assertion of the Rapid Transit Commission's Chief Engineer that his investigation of the bad air conditions will be "exhaustive," indicates that they will be keeping with the subject.

The New Life Principle.

By F. G. Long.



John Butler Burke, an English scientist, has demonstrated that spontaneous generation is possible by placing radium and sterilized bouillon together in a test tube and producing cultures that show vitality.

Hurrah! Emperor William Is
Going on His Vacation!

A Vitascope-Stenographic Interview with the Ruler
of Germany Which Demonstrates that He Expects
to Rest Quietly During the Heated Term.

By Roy L. McCardell.

EMPEROR WILLIAM? A. A needless question. Who else could I be?

Q. You are said to resemble President Roosevelt in energy? A. He resembles me in energy, you mean.

Q. You also hunt as does our President? A. Not as he does. As I do. When I go hunting I kill thousands of pheasants, hundreds of hares, dozens of wild boars!

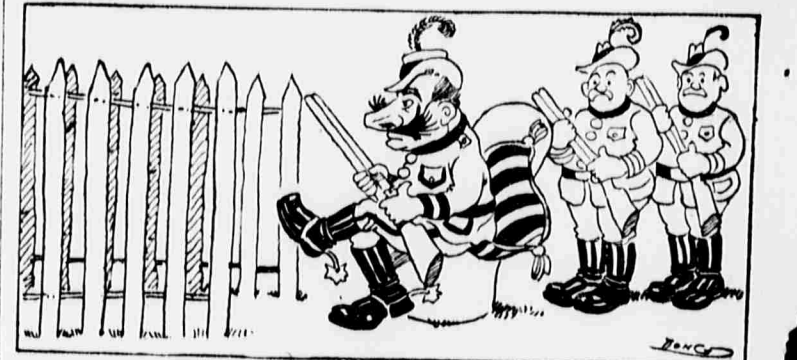
Q. It must be hard work? A. It is. I am sitting in an easy chair in the forest. Fences are built in fan shape, and I wait at the apex where the lane narrows down to a few feet wide. Then an army of beaters drive in the game.

Q. It must keep you busy? A. Oh, not very. The game will not hurry. Next season I will have fireworks shot at them to scare them. They come up so slowly that the four men who load and hand my guns to me are idle part of the time.

Q. You are going on a short vacation, the cable says? A. Yes; I am going to Kiel for some yacht races I am holding there.

Q. How do you intend to spend your vacation other than by directing the sailors? A. Very quietly. I shall positively do nothing. I shall rest.

Q. How? A. Well, in the morning I will preach a sermon on my yacht. Then I will write some music for the Royal Band and lead the players while it is being performed. Then I will change my uniform to that of a British admiral and visit any British ships that may be at Kiel. If any other nations have warships there I will don the admiral's uniform



"The Game Will Not Hurry."

of those nations and visit them, perhaps spending an hour or two in the gun-rooms and engine-rooms of the various ships, telling the gunners and engineers how best to perform their duties and explaining the workings of the machinery, breech locks and hoists to them. I shall then do some wireless telegraphing to my own yacht and show the various wireless operators how to work their apparatus. After this I will win a yacht race or two and write a book. Returning to my yacht I will talk to my staff on world politics and wire instructions to Togo and Ouyama as to how they must conduct their plans of campaign.

Q. It was supposed you were doing this for the Czar's generals and admirals? A. I did for a while, but recently I have not been in communication with them.

Q. If you idle away the morning in this manner will you do anything in the afternoon? A. Not much. I may telegraph back to Berlin telling the Kaiserin what to have for dinner and supper and also inform her how the clothes in the royal laundry should be washed and ironed. Then I may paint a picture or two and compose an opera and revise the military tactics of the German Army, design a few battle-ships for the navy and dictate to France and England how Morocco shall be governed. Then I will shoot at targets, show the sailors how to splice rope, formulate some colonizing plans and tend to the household arrangements of the Crown Prince and his bride and design dresses for the ladies of the Court.

Q. This will be about all you will do? A. Yes; I shall have a quiet summer—just idling, you know—just idling.

Hard Work Must Win.
By H. J. Hapgood.

HARD work wins. Ability is second; Genius, third. The career of every successful business man preaches the gospel of hard work; that success can be won only by honest, enthusiastic, persistent effort. With all their natural shrewdness and foresight what would the Astors, the Goulds, the Vanderbils or the Rockefellers have amounted to if they had not had the faculty of "keeping everything going as it is," or of struggling early and late with the obstacles in their path? I do not believe any man ever attained lasting success through ability alone; but we know of thousands of men, with only mediocre ability, and in spite of limited education, unfavorable environment, and other handicaps, have won marked success. It was not chance which enabled them to win, but hard work, says H. J. Hapgood, in the Chicago Tribune.

On the other hand, there are examples innumerable of men of exceptional ability who have failed simply because they never worked hard.

Every man who hopes to make himself useful in the world and to win advancement in his chosen line must have a similar capacity to work. No matter how great his ability, how thorough his education, or how attractive his personality, these qualities are as useless as a locomotive without fuel unless backed up by persistence and energy.

"Will he work?" This is the great question in the business world to-day. The answer decides the employment of every new man and the promotion of every old one, and applies to all grades of service from the common laborer to the general manager.

The men who succeed do not measure their work by the clock, but are always on duty, whether in or out of the office. Attention to business outside business hours need not be the worrisome kind which leads to nervous prostration, but the kind which makes a man always interested in his work that he will act in his own or his employer's interests regardless of the hour or the surroundings.

When given a task he does not ask, "Has it ever been done?" "How long will it take?" or "How much will I get for it?" He simply says: "If it can be done I can do it." This is the kind of worker who is needed everywhere.

Little Willie's Guide to New York.
"The Finest Summer Resort."

ONCE there was a silly man who made a bid for immortality by saying "New York is the finest summer resort on earth. If that man had never said anything else his name ought to go skreeching down the corridors of time as the greatest living exponent of frenzied foolishness, a whole lot of rooster people hear nu yorck called the finest summer resort so they leave there cool houses with verandas and come to nu yorck for a nice summer holiday and they lead heer on some such day as last sundy when the ice boils in the ree'idgerator and collers look like caymbrikk handkerchiefs at a feverel, then when theezee vizzitors start out optimistically to explair nu yorck for the eeloosiv summer resort features they find they have to ride in 3 tranes and change to 2 botes before they can reach any of them, then they say unkind things about the man who made up that foolish staitment and they begin to wish thare extra coller wuzzett in the wash, reel nu yorckers are thare all wise to the good summer resorts within 2 blox of thare homes, but reel nu yorckers (merally chaise out of town when they want summer served to them in diloted doases and they leave the joys of heet prostrayshun to the roorel vizzitors, good cold heet prostrayshun.

The Laughoscope

"How many fish have you caught?"
"Not one."
"I thought you said you had a fine mess."
"Oh, I was speaking of my line."

"How do you like the cheese, sir?" asked the waiter.
"Huh!" grumbled the high liver, "it isn't half bad."
"Very sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "we were told it was thoroughly ripe."

She—They say that the best husbands are always thoughtful in little things.
He—You that way, Mr. Smith?
Smith—No. I don't have to be, say, Philadelphia Press.